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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

Probably the boys and girls of Canada never returned to their various schools after the holidays with such pleasant prospects before them as in this Fall of 1901. Most of them have confident hopes of seeing in person, at an early date, their future King and Queen, and for those of them who may be debarred from this privilege there will be long illustrated accounts in the newspapers to read of the progress of the royal pair through our beautiful Canada. Upon the arrival of their Royal Highnesses every Canadian child will be letting off fireworks, waving a flag or wearing a souvenir button.

Of all our late Queen's grandchildren none of them has been more popular with British children, whether at home or across the seas, than the second son of King Edward, Prince George, 'the sailor prince.' At an early age, he was designed by his father to a sea life. He soon proved himself an efficient and popular officer, not only with his comrades in the gun-room or the ward-room, but also with all the men he commanded. As a midshipman he was always keen to do all in his power to render the boat's crew or the gun entrusted to his charge the smartest and best handled in the ship; as a lieutenant he was quick to understand the individual characters of the men of his division. He was ever ready to encourage and lend a helping hand to those who showed themselves eager to get on.

During the naval manoeuvres of 1889 he had charge of the finest torpedo boat. It so happened that another of these craft disabled her screw off the coast of Ireland, and was in danger of drifting on to a lee shore. The sea was running high, and there was a stiff breeze blowing. Prince George was sent to her assistance. The task was a most difficult one, owing to the delicate nature of the construction of such boats. He showed, however, great skill, judgment and nerve in approaching, securing with wire hawser, after several hours' effort, and, finally towing the disabled craft into safety. He won high praise from the senior officers who witnessed his conduct on this occasion.

Even in those early days Prince George had shown himself to be warm and constant in his friendships, endowed with a large share of practical common sense, simple in his tastes, singularly free from any trace of self-esteem or conceit, most considerate for the feelings of others, willing to learn from all, generous and open handed, yet careful and frugal on his own account—for his private allowance had never been very large.

It was in the beginning of 1892 that the event took place which was to alter all the future for Prince George. In February of that year the Prince's elder brother, the Duke of Clarence, died within a few weeks of his prospective marriage with the Princess Victoria, Mary of Teck, or 'Princess May,' as the English people loved to call her. The heir-apparent was thenceforth Prince George of Wales, who was created Duke of York on Queen Victoria's birthday, 1892. In the following June the Lord Chancellor moved that the Duke of York have place and precedence in the House of Lords, next after His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn.

On the occasion of his introduction into the House of Lords, the Duke of York, accompanied by his father and his uncle, the Duke of Connaught, advanced up the floor of the House to the woolsack, the new peer carrying in his hand the long roll of parchment containing the patent of peerage. When he proffered this roll the Lord Chancellor immediately beckoned the Reading Clerk to take it and the procession retired to the table. There the patent of peerage was read aloud, the writ of summons examined and the new peer wrote 'York' on the roll of Parliament.

The Duke made his first appearance in public since he became heir to the throne on Feb. 1893, where he presided at a meeting for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

It had been rumored for some time that Prince George would marry his late brother's betrothed, and the rumor was confirmed when an announcement appeared in the London 'Gazette,' to the effect that on May 16, 1893, Queen Victoria formally consented to a betrothal between her grandson and Princess May.

The marriage took place accordingly in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, July 6, 1893, amid great national rejoicings.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

The Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, was born in May, 1867, at Kensington Palace,—the same palace where Queen Victoria was born. Her father, the Duke of Teck, was the son of the late Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg. Coming to London when he was about twenty-eight years old, he succeeded in winning the heart and hand of Princess Mary of Cambridge. Their married life was a very happy one.

The Princess May was simply brought up at the White Lodge, Richmond Park. She was the inseparable companion of her mother, the idol of her friends and a great favorite with Queen Victoria. She grew up with thoroughly English tastes and habits, and at the time of her marriage was accounted one of the most expert horse-women in Surrey.

She was described as follows in 1893:—'Her disposition is exceedingly sweet and winning, and although not handsome, she is considered a very pretty girl. In stature, she is somewhat above the middle height, with a fair complexion, light hair and handsome gray eyes. While her features are somewhat irregular, they are continually brightened by a winning smile, brimming with good humor and cordiality towards everybody with whom she comes in contact. She is a healthy, wholesome, graceful young woman who looks every day of the twenty-six years which have passed over her head. In type, she is evidently Hanoverian, fair, oval-faced, full-eyed, with a long, well-shaped nose, a somewhat heavy chin, high cheek bones, and a mouth which is a trifle large.'

THE YORK CHILDREN.

The Duke and Duchess of York and Cornwall have four children, born on the following dates:—

Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David of York, June 23, 1894.

Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George of York, Dec. 14, 1895.

Princess Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary of York, April 25, 1897.

Prince Henry William Frederick Albert, March 31, 1900.

Your Temper Is This It?

(By T. M. Fothergill, Ph.D., in 'Parish and Home.')

The peculiarity of ill-temper, says Prof. Drummond, is that it is the vice of the virtuous. There are people who would present beautiful examples of Christian character were it not that in point of temper they fail. This is the rift in the lute, the fly in the ointment. A certain bishop well declared that temper is nine-tenths of Christianity, which is borne out by the charity (love) chapter of I. Corinthians xiii.

There are a great many types of temper. Here is one: the fiery temper. This temper usually takes the bit into its own mouth like a runaway team. A railway engine is good and useful, but it is necessary to have a man's hand at the throttle. So a powerful temper is of no small use, though it should be kept well in hand. A certain gentleman, being of a passionate nature, gave an unusual amount of annoyance to his butler, so much so, that the latter resolved at last to quit his service. Being pressed to give the ground for his decision the butler replied: 'Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I cannot stand your temper." 'Ah, well, I am passionate, I confess; but then it is no sooner on than it is off.' 'Yes,' replied the butler; 'but it is no sooner off than it is on again.' Clearly temper possessed this man, rather than was possessed by him.

A short time ago the following dreadful deeds were committed in Cayuga County, New York. A party of men were engaged in threshing. It appears that a boy, while cutting bundles for the machine, accidentally injured the hand of the one who was feeding the machine, which so incensed him that at once he caught up the lad and threw him into the rapidly revolving cylinder, where he was cut to pieces before anyone could raise a hand to prevent it. Near by stood the brother of the unfortunate lad, who, on witnessing the scene, lost no time in wreaking vengeance upon the murderer. He struck him to the ground with a pitchfork, and while he lay defenceless and writhing with agony, repeatedly plunged the prongs into his body, nor ceased until the man was dead. At such an outburst of passion the men stood by awestruck, amazed and apparently powerless to stay the progress of the tragedies.

Over the graves of these two might have been inscribed Solomon's wise words: 'He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly,' and by their side, as a means of preventing such tragedies, might be placed those other words: 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' Is this fiery temper yours? We trust not. If it is, keep it under as Paul did his body, 'beating it black and blue.'

Danger For Girls.

The girl in her later teens, who sits down at a dinner party somewhat shyly, and with a pretty self-consciousness, but who feels on better terms with herself and those around her after her first sip or two of champagne, has already placed her dainty foot on the topmost rung of the ladder that leads to the bottomless pit of the lowest social life. On this subject I have received letters from many a poor, wretched, and repentant soul, who can date her degeneration in health and happiness from the first day she tasted claret-cup at a garden party. Mind this, I am no ranter, but a plain man, stating a plain fact in a plain way. For constitutional, anatomical, physiological, psychological, and moral reasons, women and wine should never be seen on the same platform.'—Dr. Gordon Staples.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Sept. 22, Sun.—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

Sept. 23, Mon.—Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

Sept. 24, Tues.—The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him.

Sept. 25, Wed.—Seek the Lord.

Sept. 26, Thur.—Praise ye the Lord.

Sept. 27, Fri.—Let the redeemed of the Lord say so.

Sept. 28, Sat.—Through God we shall do valiantly: for he it is that shall tread down our enemies.

BOYS AND GIRLS

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS. THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

Ethel Morton's Summer in the City.

(By Anette L. Noble, in 'Good Cheer.')

For the first time in all her life Ethel Morton was all summer in the city. It happened in this way. When the time came for Mrs. Morton and her three daughters to go to the seaside, the mother looked so worried that Ethel, the fifteen-year-old girl, said, 'Mother, what troubles you so?'

'It is just this, daughter. I cannot let you girls go away alone; yet I dread to leave your father, the dear man is so forgetful. Last night he pushed up the study window, and then fell asleep in a strong draught; I wonder he did not catch pneumonia. He neglects his regular meals and takes no good care of himself when I am gone, and you know he is not strong.'

'Mamma, let me stay with him in the city all summer, You know, I never did such a thing, and it might be real fun, I think.'

'Nonsense, child,' returned Mrs. Morton; but before a week had passed Ethel had gained her point, and her mother had gone away with a burden off her mind; for Ethel was a girl she could rely on. As for Ethel, she felt quite like a heroine and as if she were doing a very brave thing, especially when friends said, 'What, stay here all through the dreadful heat?'

One July day, Ethel thought that she would go to one of the big department shops and buy a new book advertised for sale, so she started off without thinking that it was

a very hot day. You see, it was like this with Ethel; she had waked up in a spacious chamber, from whose shaded windows one could see waving tree-tops of Central Park. She had bathed in a luxurious toilet room, dressed herself in cool muslins, and sauntered down to breakfast on watermelon, peaches, and cool, sweet cream, if she disdained heartier food. After breakfast she watered her house plants, played the piano in the great airy parlors, and now was saying to herself, 'Why, New York in summer is lovely and cool as need be! I was almost too cool last evening,' and she recalled the long moonlight drive that she and her father had taken across the park and along the river. They drove somewhere every night after dinner.

It was a little different in the street after all. The sun began to blaze down, and the heat was reflected from the stones as from a furnace, Soon Ethel called a hansom cab, and when she reached the shop, refreshed herself with an ice-cream soda before looking over the pile of books. While she turned them over she noticed three girls near her. One was perched on high in a sort of loft, and almost every instant a box flew to her on wires and stopped when she took out money, made the change and sent it off as another arrived. Her face was very pale and her thin lips twitched as if she counted to herself incessantly, and no doubt she did. She was not more than fifteen years old, and Ethel was thinking that such work would drive her crazy, when she caught snatches of the talk of the cash girls at her elbow. They were rather pretty girls and younger than the other.

'I went to the country summer before last. It was grand, but no vacation for me this year. We are back on rent, and the landlord says he'll turn us into the street when pay-day comes again, if we don't raise the money some way,' said the girl with No. 9 on her apron.

'I most wish we would get turned out,' said No. 7. 'Ain't these hot nights just awful! My mother says I shall not sleep up on the roof of our tenement, though lots of the rest do; for it is so huddled up, you know, in the rooms below—seven of us, besides father and mother—I thought I would roast last night, or smother; brother Bob slept in the park.'

'Yes. I could not even sleep if I was not so awful tired; last night I did not, for the baby cried all night, and had a fit at the last, poor thing! Our babies almost always die. I hate summer, because everything in our part of the city smells so dreadful, old fish and spoiled fruit and such things. Does it smell that way in the country where they have more fruit? I have been in Central Park; I would go now, on Sundays, but I give the carfare to mother so she can give baby a bit of fresh air.'

'Say,' whispered No. 9, 'ain't Kittie Gray going to be a saleslady no more?' Another whisper, 'I saw her coming out of that concert hall—all fixed up—pink ribbons—mother died last winter'—whispers—'only got four dollars a week—said no girl could — gone to the bad, Mary Jones said. Oh, my! see that pretty flower!' and the eager little cash girl darted for a stemless rose, dropped by a customer. The two smelled of it, caressed it, and generously urged its possession one on the other, while, unnoticed, Ethel studied them.

Suddenly it came to the elegantly dressed young girl that she belonged to that half of the world who truly did not know 'how the other half' lived. These other girls had nice faces, pleasant voices, but already they were coming into contact with sin and impurity, were missing everything almost that such things as a flower might stand for, and getting what in return for their hard conditions of life? Their poor mothers, too—what must their lives be, struggling even for the pure air that the puny babies needed? A summer in the city in a tenement house of the lower order—what did it mean to a young girl? Then she suddenly recalled the fact that she, Ethel Morton, was supposed to be making a great sacrifice, to be enduring some kind of a hardship because of her summer in the city, 'God forgive me for my selfishness! God forgive me for my stupidity and help me to help somebody!' she cried in her heart as she went home, scarcely aware of the heat this time.

Molly, the maid, hurried about to bring her, unasked, some cold lemonade, and to say, 'It is too hot for you, miss. You should send me on your errands.'

Ethel thanked her, asking, 'Do you know where Miss Taylor, the seamstress, lives?'

'Yes, miss; in Bleecker street.'

'Will you send to her to come and see me when she has the time?'

Molly promised, and Ethel spent the day in thinking and planning along a quite new line. After dinner the next day, as they were driving through the park, Ethel said, 'Papa, you offered me one hundred dollars, which you said was less than I would have cost you if I had gone to the seaside, and I said that I did not want to be paid for staying with a big old darling like you—only you are not a bit old—but I have changed my mind.'

'Oh, indeed, you have! Then I am not a darling any longer?'

'Yes, you are; I only mean that I would like the money for something else now.'

'That is it! Well, let us hear all about the enterprise before I rashly invest funds.'

'It is a big plan, and growing the more I think of it; now listen patiently.' Then snuggling up to her father, Ethel talked most eloquently. The Mortons owned a big farm in Westchester County, where, as tenants, lived a former servant and his wife. Ethel, when younger, had spent delightful days there.

Ethel first told her father about the young shopgirls and their talk; then that she had sent for the seamstress, who had a large class of such girls in a mission school, and was interested in still poorer ones who had no work and were in more need and danger. Now, there were four girls whom Miss Taylor longed to send to the country. One was a consumptive girl, needing a change very much, a good girl with a strong influence over a wild young friend, who, if sent away with her might see the good of higher aims than to dress and flirt and to attend low entertainments. The two other girls, strangely enough, were the very cash girls whom Ethel had listened to — nice little things, but sadly overworked and growing old far too soon. Ethel wanted money and permission to send these four girls to the farm for a fortnight, and longer if they could afford the time. She wanted to begin to be a helper in the world and to learn how to help others wisely.

Mr. Morton was a Christian man, and his daughter's plea was listened to and approved. A week later Miss Taylor took the four girls to the farm, and, better still, stayed with them. There for three weeks, they had the happiest time of all their lives, and the influence of those days was for lasting good morally. That was the beginning only. Every summer after that Ethel had a chosen company (changed from week to week) went out among the trees and flowers and the many delights of the great farm. She came to love the society of the bright young girls, and to plan for them after they went back, to pray and to expect good results, which God in his own time permitted her to see. Her own first summer in the city was the beginning of many summers in the country for those to whom God had not given the blessings showered on her.

His First Money.

(C .H. Dorris, in 'Zion's Herald.')

Billy Barlow went home with a 'bee in his bonnet'—a kindly bee which kept saying to him 'Billy boy, you ought to start out gathering honey after such a sermon as you heard this morning.'

Dr. Gordon's words had fallen into at least one pair of hearing ears, and his thought into one honest little heart; for the very next day after school, Billy rang the bell of their nearest neighbor's house. The lady of the house, who had seen Billy coming up the steps, opened the door herself.

'Why, how do you do, Billy?' she said.

'I am pretty well, thank you,' answered Billy, 'and please, Mrs. Jeffers,' he continued eagerly, 'have you any work for me to do?'

'Work! for you?' questioned the astonished Mrs. Jeffers. 'Has your father failed?'

'Why, no, Mrs. Jeffers!'

'Then why do you want to earn money? Do not your people give you all you ought to have?'

'Yes, Mrs. Jeffers. But—but—'

'But what, Billy? Come in and tell me. Pardon me for not inviting you in before.'

'Yesterday,' faltered Billy, with red cheeks and downcast eyes, 'Dr. Gordon talked missionary to us. And—I want to earn some money for that cause. I've got money, but it's none that I earned.'

'Oh, I see!' replied Mrs. Jeffers. 'I see, and you are doing just right. Come out in the kitchen, and we will see what Bridget has to offer. Bridget,' she asked, when she had entered the good natured cook's domain, 'have you any work this little friend could do?'

'Nothin',' laughed Bridget, who was one of Billy's best friends, 'onless he be afther scroobin' me floor, an' Oi was jist a-goin' to do that mesilf.'

'Could you do that, Billy?' asked Mrs. Jeffers.

'Yes, ma'am, I think so. I play sometimes at scrubbing floors for our Nora.'

'Well, Billy, I will give you fifty-cents to scrub the kitchen floor; and mind you make a good job of it,' laughed Mrs. Jeffers.

'Yes 'm,' answered Billy, 'and I thank you, Mrs. Jeffers.'

A moment later the telephone in Billy's home rang, and Mrs. Jeffers called over the wire:

'Oh, Mrs. Barlow, come over right away, I've got something in my kitchen doing something I want to show you.'

And in a little while the astonished Mrs. Barlow was peeping through the door of Mrs. Jeffers's kitchen.

'Now, come into the parlor while I tell you about it,' whispered Mrs. Jeffers. 'Do you know,' she continued, when they were comfortably seated side by side, 'that never have I heard such a missionary sermon preached to me as the one I just received from little Billy. I had thought that we were doing nobly by that cause; but now I feel ashamed of myself. '

A half-hour later, while the ladies were still talking, the little floor-washer again entered the parlor.

'Why—why, mamma, how did you get here?'

Mrs. Barlow, advancing to meet him, received the blushing, faltering lad with open arms. Pressing him close to her heart, and kissing him, she whispered:

'My precious little missionary boy! Your first work and the first money you have ever earned for the Master. God bless you, Billy.'

The Girl who was Left Out.

(By Mabel Nelson Thurston, in 'The Wellspring.')

The secretary was reading the list of the new committees. Her voice was a trifle unsteady and her color came nervously as she pronounced the names; it was not easy to stand up there before the society and disappoint people. Yet there must always be some disappointed ones. No matter how conscientiously the officers worked over their task—and they had been conscientious—there were inevitably some members who didn't seem to 'fit' anywhere; and, besides, the officers — faithful and earnest though they were—could not always agree.

As the secretary read there were little rustles of satisfaction or discontent or surprise all over the room. Only one girl sat absolutely motionless, her coarse hands clutching each other tightly, down in her lap, and her sombre eyes fixed on the speaker. Beneath the forced quiet her thoughts were in a tumult.

'Miss Julia Dickson,' she was thinking over and over. 'It will come in a minute, "Miss Julia Dickson." '

She was not concerned about the position assigned her; thoughts of that would come later. Just now it would be wonder enough to know that her name, 'Miss Julia Dickson,' stood with equal dignity beside the names of the dainty girls about her. How amazed those girls would have been if only they had known the joy two words could give! But none of them had ever been 'Jule Ann' at the poorhouse.

The society was a large one, and the names seemed endless. Julia Dickson knew but few of them, and most of these happened to be girls younger than she. One by one their names were called. Still she waited, motionless; it almost seemed as if she was listening with her eyes as well as with ears, so intense was the eagerness in them.

The secretary laid down her paper at last. 'That completes the list of committees as made out by the new officers,' she said. 'You may have noticed that there are a few names yet unassigned; the officers ask these members to be patient a little while. The work for the year is not planned out in full; when it is, every one will have a place. Meantime no one, we are sure, will think for a moment that she is not needed. Not one of you can be spared, we need your help in the meetings and in the socials, in winning new members and keeping up the comradeship that makes this society so dear to all of us. More than this, to you who are unassigned is given the special opportunity denied to those whose hands are full; I mean that you may be scouts and pioneers to discover new needs and push the work on in fresh fields. The officers thought that possibly they could not do a wiser thing than leave this pioneer band utterly free for a few weeks, that there might, through the zeal of these, be opened to us new and wholly unimagined ways of serving "Christ and the Church." '

It was an earnest little speech. After the first few words the secretary's voice had grown confident and even enthusiastic. Her audience followed her with quick sympathy, and as she went to her seat members glanced approvingly at one another. The plan had caught their fancy, and the 'awkward squad,' the odds and ends of incompetence and laziness over whose assignment the weary officers had worked so long the week before, lifted their heads with unwonted confidence. All except one. Over at one side, so far that the secretary's glance had not strayed to her, sat Julia Dickson, all alone. There was no eagerness in her eyes now; only fierce resentment directed toward the secretary, because it was through her that the blow had come.

'I hate you, hate you, hate you!' her passionate heart was crying. 'Mebbe I ain't had things—that wasn't my fault, was it? Wouldn't I have had 'em if I could? Mebbe I wanted to grow up in the poorhouse! Mebbe I'm working out for old Miss Deely because I like to! They've been cheating me, that's what! They said I could help, and that they wanted me, and a lot of such things! It is all lies. I ain't good enough for 'em. I knew it all the time, only I let myself be fooled because that May Armstrong asked me. I hate her worse 'n anybody, so there! Guess they'll find they won't have to trouble themselves 'bout me; they can't fool me twice.'

They were singing now—the tender refrain floated softly through the room — 'Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.' Somebody from behind passed over an open hymn-book. The girl let it fall into her lap and lie there unheeded. It made no difference; she couldn't have read the words with those hot tears in her eyes. It was the thought of May Armstrong that brought them. If only the officers, facing with dismay the problem of Julia Dickson a few nights before, had known of the secret place in the girl's heart where the other girl's name was written! They saw only the awkward product of poorhouse ignorance and repression. They were sorry for her, of course, and they were going to 'be nice' to her always. But there didn't seem to be any place where she could 'fit.' They never guessed that in this poorhouse girl something that meant life was stirring to pain at the sight of May Armstrong's beautiful womanhood.

After the hymn the president rose for a few words. Julia Dickson, waiting with stubborn endurance for the meeting to end, made no pretence of listening. She sat wide-eyed through the closing prayer, and the moment the stir began about her pushed toward the door like a wounded wild creature seeking solitude. When she felt a detaining hand upon her arm she turned with a fierce frown.

'You let me alo'—she began in the old poorhouse formula of resistance; but the sentence faltered and broke, for the face that looked into hers was May Armstrong's.

If May had heard she did not show it. Her blue eyes, full of confidence, smiled into the dark, sombre ones.

'Won't you wait a minute, Miss Dickson? I go part way in your direction to-day; and I'd so much rather have company,—if you'll wait just till I pay my dues. Here's the treasurer now.'

Still with one hand upon the other girl's arm, she turned to the treasurer. The poorhouse girl waited, her mind in a tumult of confusion. She wanted to slip away, but that light touch could not be evaded. So she stood, a dull color slowly coming into her face. Was May Armstrong pitying her? She didn't want to be pitied—she hated being pitied! She only wanted a chance like other folks. She—

May Armstrong's voice interrupted her. 'Now I'm ready, Miss Dickson. I hope that I have not kept you too long.'

They turned up the street together, one girl stiff and silent, the other chatting easily in her sweet, unconscious fashion. Some people might have called it a coincidence that May Armstrong alone of all that roomful of young people had seen the battle and sore defeat of this other girl; it was the kind of coincidence that often happens to souls that stand alert and keen to signals of sorrow and need.

By careful steps she brought the talk to the afternoon's assignments.

'I'm always sorry for the officers when it comes to the making out of committees,' she said confidentially. 'It's about the hardest work of the whole year, and no matter how careful they are, some people are sure to be dissatisfied. I suppose it's too much to expect that they shouldn't be.'

The silence of the girl at her side might have seemed stolid but for the sudden tightening of the lips. That was ominous.

May broke into a little reminiscent laugh. 'I remember the time when I was one of the disaffected,' she said. 'Oh, it was worse than that. I was mad—there isn't any other word for it. You see, I hadn't been in the society very long; we had just moved here, and I didn't know anybody, and I felt shy and left out, and had been looking forward to the committee appointments to make me feel as if I "belonged." I never shall forget how I felt when I waited for my name and it didn't come. The moment the meeting was over I rushed home to mother and told her that nobody wanted me there, and there wasn't a thing for me to do, and I never was going to another meeting so long as I lived.'

The other girl was listening now. She said no word, but her eyes pleaded for the rest of it. May answered the eyes.

'Oh, yes, I went back, of course. Mother made me see how I was thinking about myself and not the work; and as soon as I got myself out of the way, I found the work waiting,—a little crippled girl that I went to see Sunday afternoons. We used to have Sunday-school together, a Sunday-school of two. She lived only three months after I knew her, but when her mother told me afterwards how she had looked forward to Sunday-afternoons I was so glad that I had had the time to give!'

There was a little quiver in the sweet voice; it was not easy for her to reveal herself to anyone—it had been unspeakably hard to reveal herself to this girl. The girl looked straight ahead, still frowning, but there was a difference in the frown.

'I don't know anybody sick,' she muttered.

May turned to her, quickly—to the girl who had strange fancies that nobody dreamed of—and it seemed as if a purple lilac plume brushed her face, something infinitely beautiful and fragrant and full of eager life.

'Oh, but you don't have to!' the earnest voice cried. 'That was my little bit of work—it wasn't yours. Yours is waiting for you, just for you, and nobody else in the world can do it. Oh, you don't know how eager I am to see what it will be!'

Julia didn't answer; she couldn't. Something climbed up into her throat and choked the words, though whether it was something glad or sad she could not have told. For two or three minutes more they walked on together, then May stopped.

'I have to go in here,' she said, simply, holding out her hand. 'Good-by, Miss Dickson. Thank you for waiting for me.'

The other girl walked on slowly, through the summer twilight. She had got Miss Deely's supper before she had left, and the whole evening was hers if she cared for it. Obeying a sudden impulse, she turned up the road that passed the poorhouse. At least, she was not there any longer. She wanted to pass it, just to prove that she could pass it and hear no authoritative summons.

She drew a sharp breath as the bare yellow building thrust its sharp outlines against the sky; she almost turned back, but old habit drew her on. She went along the path slowly and more slowly. As she reached the gate a curious old voice started out of the dusk.

'Land alive, ef 'taint Jule Ann Dickson!'

Jule Ann stopped irresolute. A thin, yel-

low hand reached through the fence and took a firm grip of her skirts.

'Ye ain't goin' by, Jule Ann? You ain't never goin' by! An' me jest starvin' to see somebody that ain't on the town! You ain't forgot yer friends as quick as that, Jule Ann Dickson—me that nussed ye through the measles an' scarlet fever when I was all twisted up with rheumatism, too? An' then ye go marchin' on, as if ye never seen the poorhouse in yer life!' And the old hand shook the blue skirt wrathfully.

Jule Ann stood very still; her voice sounded hard.

'I ain't going by, Betsy. Let go of my skirt and I'll come in.'

'Cross yer heart?' queried the sharp voice, suspiciously.

'Cross my heart, if that makes you feel any better,' the girl replied.

The hand reluctantly loosed its grasp and the old woman hurried to the gate. She locked her arm in the girl's and held her fast, peering with dim eyes through the dusk.

'Come over to the bench,' she chuckled. 'There ain't nobody there. Land alive! Mebbe there won't be a to-do when they find out ye've come and gone and nobody seen ye but me. That's 'cause they're all guzzling in the dinin' room. I come out. I sez to myself, "Mebbe there'll be someone a-passin'," and I'd rather see somebody pass, than eat, any day in the year. Oh, my soul, tell me about things, Jule Ann!'

'What things?' the girl replied dully. She felt as if the walls were closing upon her. What had made her come back to this terrible place? And she must stay a little while now; she couldn't refuse to remember the winter of the scarlet fever and the measles; but she would go the first moment that she could.

The old woman almost danced with impatience.

'What things? Anything. Ain't I tellin' ye, Jule Ann? Anything out there where folks is. What there is in the stores and how folks be trimmin' their dresses and what you have to eat at the Deely woman's and what kind of furniture she's got in her parlor. Oh, my soul, I guess I could think of things fast enough if I was outside this fence! Ye wouldn't have to worm and worm to get things out of me!'

So Jule Ann talked. She was not a good talker; old Betsy had to work for all she got, but the task was to her liking. When the fast-coming darkness made her acknowledge the necessity of Jule Ann's departure, she rose reluctantly and hobbled with her down to the gate.

'Ye'll be comin' next Sunday, won't ye, Jule Ann?' the old voice quavered. 'I ain't got a soul to come and see me, not a soul. And mebbe ye won't have to come long. Jule Ann, I ain't long for this earth now.'

Jule Ann had heard that ever since she could remember, but never before had it linked itself with other words—'She lived only three months after I knew her.' She looked into the old, pleading face, with a startled gaze; she scarcely recognized her own voice with that involuntary softness in it.

'Yes, I'll come next Sunday,' she said.

So the next Sunday she went, and the next, and the next. Old Betsy was not alone those times, for the joy of the coming visit had been too great for her to hold. When Jule Ann reached the gate that second Sunday she found nearly the whole group waiting for her. It was an odd position. She who had so recently been one of them, was now the desired guest. But she came from the great world which lay beyond their bounds, and into their pitiful, narrow life she brought the largeness of adventure. Though she was so poor a talker, she could answer questions, and that was enough to give them rich content.

Just how she began to tell them about the Endeavor meetings she could not afterwards remember, though she tried to when May Armstrong asked. She just drifted into it somehow, she thought; and when she found how eagerly her little audience listened, she fell into the habit of listening closely, herself, that she might have more to tell. After that she couldn't leave the society, though none the less she had not forgiven it, and still slipped hurriedly out the moment the meeting was over. So she was wholly unprepared for the night of the missionary meeting.

It was two months after the announcement of committees. Jule Ann had not yet been assigned to any work; she didn't expect to be, now. When May Armstrong came and sat beside her, with a swift, glad smile that said something more beautiful than words, Jule Ann wondered what it meant. It made her ashamed somehow, so she sat stiff and straight and unresponsive.

The meeting went on as usual. There was always a programme on missionary Sundays and no general response by the members. Jule Ann was surprised when May Armstrong rose and stood beside her, her hand resting lightly on Jule Ann's shoulder.

'I want to take just a moment before we sing,' the clear voice said, 'to tell about the missionary work being done by one of our members; for I'm sure that few of us know about it. I did not hear of it until yesterday; and it made me ashamed when I realized that in all the years I've been here I never had thought of it.' Then in a few swift sentences she described the echo meeting at the poorhouse.

'I suppose,' she continued, 'that I'm not a bit parliamentary, but I can't wait for a business meeting to say that I hope it will be arranged so that Miss Dickson can have a strong committee to help her in the work which she has been doing so quietly and so splendidly by herself. And if it is a volunteer committee, I want to be the first to say that I hope she'll find a corner somewhere for me.'

A stir of surprise followed her words; but before the leader could answer, another girl was standing. She clung nervously to the back of the chair in front of her and her cheeks were blazing.

'I—I don't know how to say it, but please don't give me a committee. I haven't been doing anything over there. I—I belonged there, you know, and they liked to have me come back and tell them about things because they can't get out often. But I don't know anything about committees. I ain't fit. If you'll only give it to Miss Armstrong and let me go and help!'

It was an awkward little speech, there was no doubt about it, yet somehow nobody minded. The president stepped to the rescue of the bewildered leader and said that although they could not arrange details until an executive meeting, yet he could ask for an expression of opinion; and as a guide to their future decision he would ask all those who would be willing to assist Miss Dickson at any time, to stand; he himself was already standing.

There was a second of silence, then a great stir all over the room. To Jule Ann's bewildered eyes it seemed as if she alone remained seated. The president turned to her, with a bright smile.

'I think, Miss Dickson,' he said, 'that you may ask for whatever you please; the whole society is with you.'

Jule Ann could not slip away that night. In that one swift moment she had been taken in; and beautiful things, friendships and work that would reach on into eternity, had begun for her.

She turned to May Armstrong the first moment that she could get free.

'It was just you,' she faltered. 'And I was so mad that night!—I just hated everybody.'

'Wasn't it strange,' May returned, 'how we travelled the same way? It was so bitter at first and it led to such wonderful things.'

Jule Ann did not answer that, but the words sang in her heart and changed into resolve. She didn't know how it would be accomplished, but sometime, somehow, she too would be a lady.

'Nellie Hardie's Lesson.'

(By Maida Maitland, in 'Onward.')

'Oh, dear me, I am just sick and tired of everything round the place.' With an extra swing of her dish-towel, Nellie Hardie turned around to see what effect her discontent had upon her playmate and cousin, Sam Bradley. The boy kept on whittling a stick for some time, but at last, with a sigh, he remarked, 'Why, Nell, what is the matter? You used to be as happy and content as a lark, but ever since your visit to the city you have never been the same. I wish you had never seen that grand city home, where you learned to hate work and be so different from us all.'

'It is too bad, I know, that I ever got a taste of city life, for I feel I am fitted for it, and the farm seems so slow and beneath one, when you once get a taste of real refined life.'

Sam was right when he remarked that his cousin had changed since her visit to the city.

The summer before, a Mrs. Lindsay and an invalid daughter had sought rest and quiet at the quaint and pretty farmhouse at Sunnyside, and as the weeks went by they became very much attached to the bright, happy little daughter of the farm, who was here and there and everywhere with a bright word and helping hand. A pressing invitation in the fall from Mrs. Lindsay for Nell to spend a fortnight in the city was joyfully accepted by the young girl, and when the rush of the summer's work was over, Nell went away for her first visit from home.

A gift of a very dainty gown on her arrival at Mrs. Lindsay's struck the first discordant note in Nell's bright life, for, try as she would, in her foolish pride, those simple frocks over which she and her mother labored with such pleasure ceased to be anything but an eyesore. The young people living round were ready to welcome any guest of Mrs. Lindsay's, so, early in her visit, Nell became a favorite with all. Marion Ford, who lived next door, was her special friend, and warm and strong were the promises of lasting friendship indulged in by them when the day of parting came.

All good things come to an end, and one wet October day found Nell once more at her old home at Sunnyside. It is true she was aching with joy to be home again, to tell them all of the wonderful time she had had, but after her pleasant story had been told, and she had retired for the night, a feeling of discontent with her surroundings kept gnawing at her heart, and, as the days went by, the once bright, happy little daughter of the farm became a bundle of discontent. Not only did she go about her work in an unenviable frame of mind, but she managed to touch the lives about her with a feeling of sadness. Poor Sam sighed and longed for the Nell of the past, and both father and mother worried over their little girl's changed ways.

Things went on from bad to worse till the morning when our story opens, when Nell declared her intention of returning to the city to live.

'But,' said the practical Sam, 'if you return to the city, it will not be to visit and have a good time, you will have to work, and I am afraid your swell friends will not be so ready to welcome you.'

'Sam Bradley, that is just like you throwing stones at my friends. Do you suppose, if I am a governess or companion in some grand home, my friends will think any the less of me?'

Sam was silent, but not convinced.

No remonstrance from the home circle was of any avail, so one fine June morning found Nell, with all her earthly belongings, and a five-dollar bill, starting out to seek her fortune. Arrived in the city, she allowed the first cabman she met to take her valise, and, giving him the number of Mrs. Lindsay's house, she seated herself with great pride to enjoy the drive. A few minutes brought her to the Lindsay's home, but what was her surprise to find windows and doors all boarded up.

'Them folks is off for the hot weather, I calculate,' the driver remarked.

Here, surely was a muddle. Nell had intended remaining with Mrs. Lindsay for a few days, thinking she would be able to assist her in procuring the desired situation. The cabman aroused her with, 'where now, miss?'

'Where now, indeed.' She had no idea, so in her distress she confided in her driver, with the result that in twenty minutes she was trying to make herself feel at home in a very second-rate boarding-house. Her 'air-castle' had received a shock, it is true, but she was endeavoring to make the best of it. Having secured a morning paper she searched the want column in vain to find any one in need of either a governess or a companion. But with great determination she dressed herself, and went out to seek her fortune. However, she had to admit that life was not nearly so rose-colored as when she had driven to the station that morning, for in all that big city there was not one to smile a welcome or to utter a kind word of encouragement. Since she could not be a companion or governess, she must try something else, in fact, she would be a shop-girl.

Store after store was visited, but one and all declared they required no extra help during the summer months. The next day was spent with no better results. In one miserable little store she was offered two dollars a week,

'But,' said Nell, 'I have to pay two and a half for my board.'

'I am sorry, my girl,' was the reply, 'but we can secure more girls than we require for that amount, from those who live at home, and have no board to pay.'

The next day, when Nell had about given up in despair, she secured a place in a departmental store at the very modest salary of three dollars per week. That left her exactly fifty cents to spend when her board was paid. Shop life was soon robbed of any sentiment she had ever indulged in about it, and hard, monotonous work, with considerable fault-finding and disagreeableness, became Nell's portion.

During a more than ordinarily trying day in August Nell looked up from her work to see Marion Ford and her mother entering the store. With one bound she was beside them, exclaiming in tones of real joy.

'Oh, Marion, I am so glad to see you!'

The young lady addressed looked Nell over in quiet contempt, bowed a cold recognition, and passed on, but as she stood at the glove counter Nell heard her quite distinctly explain to her mother,

'Oh, it is that little country girl who stayed with the Lindsays last year.'

'How awkward,' was the mother's reply, in tones of disgust.

This proved to Nell the proverbial 'last straw,' and laying her head down she wept bitter homesick tears, and someway the words of the children's hymn kept ringing in her ears,

'Jesus bids us shine,
You in your wee corner,
And I in mine.'

It struck her as it had never done before that here was the real reason of her trouble. God had given her such a pleasant wee corner in which to shine, but she had foolishly left it and then everything went wrong. That night found our Nell doing some good, quiet thinking, with the result that the next morning the train for Sunnyside carried a very pale and weary and much subdued little girl. It was twilight when she reached the farm, and as she peeped in at the kitchen window a pleasant sight greeted her eye. Mother, father and Sam were seated at a late supper, and the perfect cleanliness and air of comfort and plenty struck Nell with a feeling of rest and pleasure.

'You are sure, Sam, lad, there was no mail from my bairn to-night?' Mrs. Hardie was asking.'

As Sam replied, 'None to-night, aunt,' a stray tear was seen to flow down the dear mother's cheek.

The look of that troubled face touched Nell as nothing had ever done before, and with a rush she was into her mother's arms. Not one word of censure was spoken, for the pale, weary face told its own tale of punishment. Only words of welcome and rejoicing were offered, and Sam tried his best to make the home-coming as bright and happy as possible. Indeed, they did their best to make a heroine of her, but Nell was not deceived, her hard lesson had been learnt, and as the tired but happy girl sought her own room that night, her prayer went up from a full heart.

'Make me ever content to shine for thee in this wee corner, in my own dear home.'

Is the Bird Less Safe Than Thou?

There's a bird that swings from the branches tall,
With never a thought he may faint or fall.
I stood last night on a tottering stone
While I cried in pain, 'I am all alone!
And my way is perilous, fraught with fear,
Will there no one come, is there no one near?'
How the lightnings flash and the thunder roars,
While the rain from a great black cloud outpours!
But the singer chirped from the swaying bough—
'Is the bird less safe in the storm than thou?
We feel as safe in the roaring blast
As at other times when the rain is passed.'
And I cried, 'Little bird, thou indeed art right.'
And my soul grew calm and banished fright,
For I felt that God, in his tender love,
Had sent this thought from his realm above;
And I wept in shame. Am I then to fall
When an hour is dark? Shall my moan and wail
Be heard above little birdling's song,
Though the storm may come and the day be long?
And I knocked in haste at my Father's door,
And he cried, 'Come in, thou shalt fear no more.'
Then my soul grew strong. Though the tottering rock
And the angry blast at my courage mock,
I will sing thy praise, Father, God on high,
While I rest content if thou art nigh.

—Anon.

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So many men, so many minds Every man in his own way.—Terence.

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England, Malta and Italy—'Journal des Debats,' Paris.
A New African Empire—'Daily Tribune,' New York.
An Africa Council—London 'Mail.'
Among African Cannibals—Sir H. H Johnston, in 'Picture Postcard.'
Mad Mullah—Cleveland 'Plaindealer.'
The Negro as Soldier and Officer 'The Nation,' New York.
Pacification in the Phillippines—'New York Times.'
The Hermit of Cape Malea—F. T. Bullen, in 'The Spectator,' London
Is the World Growing Better or Worse?—'Daily News,' London
Communal Recreation—Abstract by R. C. A. in 'American Journal of Sociology,' from Charles Charrington, in 'Contemporary Review.'
Count Waldersee—'Kolnische Zeitung'
The Real Jack Horner—'Yorkshire Post.'
Two Millionnaireses; An Incident at Basle Station—'Westminster Budget.'
The Pleasures of Simplicity—C. Edwards, in 'The Speaker, London.

Something About the Arts.

Critique of Sir Walter Armstrong's 'Life of Reynolds'—By T. Sturge Moore, in 'The Monthly Review.' Condensed.
Parable from the Music in St. Paul's Cathedral—By Canon Scott Holland, in 'The Commonwealth,' London.

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Times Go by Turns—Verse, by Robert Southwell (1560-1595).
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THE CHILDREN OF THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK AND THEIR GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA.

When Jamie Lost the Way

('Christian Intelligencer.')

When Jamie was ten years old, his parents decided that he should no longer attend the small district school of their village. They thought it might be better for him to go five miles in an electric car to a town where there was a large school taught by experienced teachers. Jamie was very anxious to do this. He thought it would be more grown up and would give him a better chance to see things. 'I would like to have you go,' said his mother, 'if I could be sure that you would always take the first car home after school. Some one might ask you to walk around the streets a little, and you might be tempted to do it, but I should want you always to come directly home.'

'You can depend upon me for that,' answered Jamie.

So Mr. Clark, the father, made careful enquiries, and found that he could make good arrangements at the large school for the education of his only son. The boy himself was delighted. It was so pleasant on the bright mornings of the autumn, to find himself rapidly whirled along in company with men who were going to business, ladies who were going shopping, and tall students who were considerably further along than himself on the highway to learning. Then, as for his teacher, she was a beautiful young lady, who seemed to know how to make all study attractive and who completely won Jamie's heart in the space of two days.

Noontime, too, was an especial delight. There was an hour and a half for rest, during which Jamie, with other scholars who lived at a distance, were allowed to eat lunch in a large room furnished with chairs and tables, under the supervision of a man appointed for the purpose. After the meal was eaten they went out on the play-ground and engaged in various games. No wonder that Jamie liked his school and that the hours spent there passed swiftly by.

Yet there was one day when Jamie got into trouble. 'Halloa' called Will Scott, coming up to him as he stood on the play-ground after lunch. 'We're going to have an hour off this afternoon.' 'How's that?' asked Jamie. 'Oh, teacher's going to hear a lecture somewhere and she's going to let us out early. You may as well walk home with me. You know I live about halfway to your house. My pa can't afford to pay for my riding in pleasant weather, so I foot it. I know a beautiful way through the woods.

There are lots of squirrels in there and we might be able to catch one. Will you come ?' 'I'll see,' said Jamie. That was his first mistake. He should have answered that he must go directly home when school was dismissed, but he said, 'I'll see.'

That made it hard for him to study during the afternoon and his teacher wondered why she had to prompt him more than usual. He was mentally debating the question whether he should go to the woods or refuse.

Now, Mrs. Clark had a habit which she had learned from her own mother, of requiring her child to study Bible verses on Sunday afternoons. On the previous Sunday Jamie had learned these words: 'My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother.' What a pity it was that he did not think of them when he was tempted to do wrong. His father had instructed him that it was his duty to go directly home every day after school. His mother had made a law that he must do it. Might not these words have helped him to obey ? But unfortunately Jamie was thinking more of what he wanted to do than of what he ought to do, and the thing that he wanted was to go with Will Scott.

School was dismissed at three o'clock instead of four, as Will had told him was to be the case, and the two boys met near the door.

'Have you the money for your car fare?' asked Will. 'Yes. Why do you want to know?'

''Cause, if you haven't got to pay carfare you may as well get some buns, so that we can both have a lunch. I know where to get some good ones with sugar on top.'

Now, if Jamie had a particular fondness for anything it was for sugared buns. So, having put himself under Will's guidance, it was easy to obey the suggestion to visit the baker's. This took at least a half hour, and it was almost four o'clock when the boys were fairly started on their homeward way.

They soon entered a wood path, and in the heart of the woods they found numberless things to attract their attention. They saw several squirrels, and climbed two or three trees for birds' nests, and examined a large number of chestnut burrs containing very small nuts. So they strolled along with no thought of time until Jamie suddenly said: 'Why, Will, it's growing dark! What time must it be?'

Will looked about him and decided that it must be after sunset. We'd better hurry along, old fellow. We've got off the path somehow, but I'll soon find it. Don't be alarmed.' But Jamie was greatly alarmed, for in the first place he did not know how they were going to reach home, and in the next place he did not know what might be in store for him when he did get there. So in real distress he helped Will to look for the path. After some wandering they found it, and then they went as swiftly as possible toward home. They emerged from the woods near the house where Will lived, and there, coming along the road in a buggy were Mr. and Mrs. Clark. Jamie saw, though it was nearly dark that his father and mother looked very anxious. 'Where have you been, my son?' exclaimed his mother. 'You don't know how worried we have been. We were on the way to the school building to inquire for you.'

Will skulked off toward home, leaving his companion to explain matters as best he could. Now Jamie was an honest boy, and he told the truth at once, without trying to excuse himself in any way. 'Do you think you deserve punishment?' asked his father. 'I'm sure I do,' replied Jamie, 'Well, I'm not going to punish you this time, but if I hear of your taking any more walks with Will Scott I shall certainly put you in the village school again.'

But Jamie never did.

Two Wood Piles

'Ho, hum,' sighed Roy Miller, as he sauntered out to the back yard and stood looking at the wood which had just been drawn into the yard. 'That all has to be sawed and split and piled. For once I wish I had an older brother.' And he shrugged his shoulders as he started toward the shed for the saw.

Roy was not the only boy in the neighborhood who had to face a pile of wood that afternoon. As he came out from the shed he noticed that Luke Stafford and James Bent were both at the same kind of work. These two boys lived just across the street from each other, and before Roy went to work he stood and watched them for a few minutes.

James was busy piling wood that he had already sawed and split, and it made an even, regular pile that any boy might have been proud of.

'That's the way Jim always works,' thought Roy, with an admiring glance at the result of his friend's labors.

Just then the minister passed by the Bents' front gate. 'All done but sandpapering, James?' he enquired, with a smile.

James blushed at the implied compliment and answered: 'Pretty near, sir.'

Just then Roy's attention was attracted by the voice of Luke Stafford across the way. Luke's load of wood had been in the yard for about a week, but none of it was piled and only a few sticks, lying in a heap beside him, had been sawed. Now he called out in drawling tones: 'Maw, how many sticks do you need to-day?'

The sharp contrast between the two boys that he was watching struck Roy as decidedly comical and he sat down upon his own load of wood and laughed. Then he picked up the saw and went to work with a will.

'I may not be able to rival Jim,' he said to himself as he sawed; 'but I am bound I won't be like Luke, not if I have to stay up and saw nights.'

When Mrs. Miller came out to call Roy to supper she looked in surprise at the wood which he had put in order.

'Why, Roy, how much you have done!' she said. 'I am glad to see you take hold of your task so well.'

'Oh,' replied Roy. 'I didn't relish the undertaking when I began; but I had an object-lesson which did me good.'

'What was that?' asked his mother, looking interested.

'It was the contrast between Jim's and Luke's wood,' replied Roy, pointing as he spoke.

And Mrs. Miller, who knew both boys well, looked and laughed; and then she said:

'I like the choice you made of patterns.'

And the pattern proved to be one which lasted Roy all his life. If he was tempted to shirk any task after that he was sure to hear Luke's lazy tones, as he asked, 'How many sticks do you need to-day?'—Julia Darrow Cowes, in 'Young People's Weekly.'

Sunday School

LESSON XIII.—September 29.

Review From Adam to Jacob.

Genesis I., xxxii.

Questions.

(Lesson I.—Genesis I., 1., II., 3.)

Who made the worlds?
What was accomplished in each day or period of time?
How was man created?
How was the seventh day made holy?

(Lesson II.—Gen. iii., 1-15.)

Who tempted man to evil?
Tell the story of the temptation and fall?
Had man a free will to choose good or evil?
Which did Adam choose?
How did his choice affect the whole human race?
Who is called the second Adam? (Romans v., 15: I. Cor. xv., 45-49.)
How did his choice affect the human race? (Rom. v., 17-19.)
Is the Lord God willing that any one should perish in his sins? (II. Peter iii., 9.)

(Lesson III.—Gen. viii., 1-22.)

Did God forget Noah after putting him safely in the ark?
How did Noah find out that the waters were drying up from the earth?
When did Noah leave the ark?
What had happened to the people who refused to obey God?

(Lesson IV.—Gen. xii., 1-9.)

What had God said to Abram?
Did Abram obey?
What did God tell Abram when he got to Canaan?
Where did Abram build altars to worship God?

(Lesson V.—Gen. xiii., 1-18.)

Where did Abram go when he came back from Egypt?
Who was with him?
What difficulty arose between them?
How did Abraham prove himself the more noble?
Did Lot make a wise choice?
What proved its folly?
What did God then promise Abram?

(Lesson VI.—Gen. xv., 1-18.)

What promise did God constantly make to Abraham?
Has God fulfilled this promise?
In what was Abraham strong?
Can we obtain the fulfilment of God's promises in the same way? (Hebrews xi.)

(Lesson VII.—Gen. xviii., 16-33.)

What did God tell Abraham he was going to do?
How did Abraham feel about the destruction of these people?
Was the Lord God glad to have him intercede for the sinners?
How did Abraham's faith grow?
Were there even ten men in Sodom who were willing to obey God?

(Lesson VIII.—Gen. xxii., 1-14.)

How did God prove Abraham's faith in him?
Did Abraham trust him through everything?
How did God reward him?
Of what was this offering a type?

(Lesson IX.—Gen. xxvi., 12-25.)

How did Isaac show his peaceable nature?
What did the Lord God say to him?
How did he worship God?
How should we treat those who illtreat us?

(Lesson X.—Gen. xxviii., 10-22.)

What causes led to Jacob's leaving home?
How did he find God?
Did God bless him because he was deserving, or because he was needy?
Why does God bless us ?
What did God say to Jacob?
Of what did Jacob make an altar?
What did he call that place?
What promise did he make to God?

(Lesson XI.—Gen. xxxii., 1-32.)

How did Jacob try to propitiate Esau when he returned to his old home?
Who came to Jacob when he was left alone at the ford Jabbok?

Why was Jacob's name changed?
What does the name Israel mean?
What does Peniel mean?

(Lesson XII.—Proverbs xxiii., 29-35.)

Who hath woe?
Who hath sorrow?
Who hath contentions?
How should we treat wine?
How should we treat invitations to drink?
What can we do to help rid the world of this curse?

Golden Text.

'The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him.' —Ps. 103-17.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Sept. 29.—Topic—Missions: growth of the kingdom.—Ps. 72.

Junior C. E. Topic.

FOREIGN MISSIONS AND THE WORLD.

Mon., Sept. 23.—Jesus came to the world. —John iv., 40-42.

Tues., Sept. 24.—'Unto all people.'—Luke ii., 10.

Wed., Sept. 25.—How they have heard.—Mark xvi., 20.

Thu., Sept. 26.—The world for Christ.—Jer. xxxi., 34.

Fri., Sept. 27.—The results of missions.—Isa. ix., 2.

Sat., Sept. 28.—My own part.—John ii., 5.

Sun., Sept. 29.—Topic—Missions: what foreign missions are doing for the world.—Acts xvi., 5-10.

Children at Church.

It is a most painful and indisputable fact, says the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, that the attendance of children upon the church services of worship is steadily decreasing. Many parents seem to think that if their boys and girls attend the Sunday-school that is enough. In my present 'ministry-at-large' I often officiate at the morning service in churches—of various denominations—where there are not more than a score or two of children present, even in a large congregation! Sometimes scarcely a child's face is visible! This is a most 'terrible' condition of things; for, unless the habit of going to church is formed in early childhood, it is not likely to be formed afterward.

I yield to no man in admiration or advocacy of a well-managed Sunday-school; but I vehemently protest against giving it the false name of 'the children's "church."' It is no such thing, and never can be. An ordinary Sunday-school, and even a mission school composed of poor children gathered from the slums, is only one spiritual department of a properly organized church. Attendance upon a Sunday-school never can be defended as a sufficient 'substitute' for attendance upon the regular services of public worship.

Would you fill up your class? Then make a personal canvass of scholars. New accessions to the school come largely trrough the personal efforts of some one. Do not expect the superintendent to keep your class full. Those who come at your invitation will be much more likely to remain and you will be much more interested in them. That which costs labor and pains to get will be guarded with vigilance.—'Living Epistle.'

Temperance

One Home

(By Emma Harriman, in 'Union Signal.')

They stood on the steps of the little cottage framed in the festoons made by the climbing rose over the verandah. The woman held the baby girl in her arms. The man had his lunch box in one hand and a saw and plane in the other.

'Say good-bye to papa,' said the young mother, and the child waved her little hand, one arm around the mother's neck, and said, 'By, by, papa; by, by.'

The slight morning breeze stirred the curls about the little, white neck. The man laid down his tools and took his baby in his strong arms. The child threw both arms round his neck and held him tightly clasped. 'My papa, my papa,' she said.

He kissed her red lips, her cheeks, her white neck, and silky hair. Then he unclasped the little arms and gave her back to her mother.

'Papa must go now,' he said. 'Good-bye, darling.'

'You'll remember, dear, won't you,' said his wife in a low voice.

'Of course, Carrie; don't look so sober. I'm all right.'

He laughed and kissed his hand to her as he went down the walk. She watched his tall, well-built frame till the shade trees hid him from sight.

Night came and she had his supper ready. He had not come. She went down the walk and looked up the street. He was not in sight. Then she went in and looked at the clock again.

'That clock is too fast,' she said to herself; 'it must be. He will be here in a minute.'

She went back to the kitchen to see that every thing was kept warm. Then she tried to busy herself with some sewing for the baby—a pretty, new dress. But she kept laying it aside to go to the door, and presently she gave it up altogether. She got up and paced the floor, back and forth, back and forth. Then she sat down, and taking the baby in her lap held her fast. The hot tears fell on the little face and the child put her hand up to her eyes and began to wail.

The sun went down; darkness fell. She undressed the baby and put her in her little bed; then she sat down by the open window to watch. The scent of the roses and heliotrope came into the room. A mocking bird sang in one of the eucalyptus trees. The moon rose. The street grew quiet.

At last there were steps coming up the street. She trembled and shrank back. Then she rose and went shrinkingly to the door. The man stumbled at the steps and broke into a torrent of curses.

He came unsteadily across the verandah. His eyes were red and bloodshot; his face full of evil passion. She tried to smile a welcome with her poor, pale face and blanched lips.

'What, no supper?' he cried fiercely; 'no supper? Take that!'

He dealt her a heavy blow on the head. She dropped to the floor and lay very still. He stumbled over her into the house. Then he turned to her with a lessening of his fury.

'Get up, Carrie,' he said, less furiously, 'get up.'

'Get up,' he said again, and lifted her to her feet. She slipped from his grasp and fell to the floor. The shock sobered him. He bent over her in a wild excitement and called, 'Carrie! Carrie!' No answer. 'Carrie!' She lay silent as before . 'I've killed her. I've killed her!' he cried and rushed into the little bed room. In an instant he returned. There was the crack of a revolver and he fell to the floor. Baby waked with a cry. She sat up in bed and called, 'Mamma! mamma!' Then she called loudly, 'Papa! papa!' No one answering, she crept out of bed. She went to the prostrate form of the woman and stroked her hair with her little soft hands. Then she bent over and kissed

the white cheek. But mamma did not answer.

She ran over to the man and called loudly, 'Papa! papa!' Still no answer. Then she patted his face. Something red and dreadful came away on her small hands and stained her little white gown. With a loud wail she ran shrieking back into the little bedroom.

Lifted Up.

(From 'Truth.')

Several years ago, one cold Sunday morning, a young man crept out of a market-house in Philadelphia, into the nipping air, just as the bells began to ring for church. He had slept under a stall all night, or rather had lain there in a stupor from a long debauch.

His face, which had once been delicate and refined, was blue from cold and blotched with sores; his clothes were of a fine texture, but they hung on him in rags covered with mud.

He staggered, faint with hunger and exhaustion; the snowy streets, the gaily dressed crowds thronging to church, swam before his eyes; his brain was dazed for want of his usual stimulant.

He gasped with a horrid, sick thirst, a mad craving for liquor, which the sober man cannot imagine. He looked down at the ragged coat flapping about him, at his brimless hat, to find something he could pawn for whiskey, but he had nothing. Then he dropped upon a stone step, leading, as it happened, into a church.

Some elegantly dressed women, seeing the wretched sot, drew their garments closer and hurried by on the other side.

One elderly woman turned to look at him just as two young men of his own age halted.

'That is George G——,' said one. 'Five years ago he was a promising lawyer in P—. His mother and sister live there still. They think he is dead.'

'What did it?'

'Trying to live in a fashionable set first, then brandy.'

'You have not had breakfast yet, my friend,' said one of them. 'Come, let us go together and find some.'

George C—— muttered something about 'a trifle' and 'tavern.'

But his friend drew his arm within his own and hurried him, trembling and resisting, down the street to a little hall where a table was set with strong coffee and a hot savory meal. It was surrounded with men and women as wretched as himself.

He ate and drank ravenously.

When he had finished his eye was almost clear and his step steady. As he came up to his new friend he said:

'Thanks! You have helped me.'

'Let me help you farther. Sit down and listen to some music.'

Somebody touched a few plaintive notes on the organ and a hymn was sung, one of the old, simple strains which mothers sing to their children and bring themselves nearer God. The tears stood in George C——'s eyes. He listened while a few words of Jesus were read. Then he rose to go.

'I was once a man like you,' he said, holding out his hand. 'I believe in Christ; but it is too late now.'

'It is not too late,' cried his friend.

It is needless to tell how he pleaded with him, nor how for months he renewed his efforts. He succeeded at last.

George C—— has been for four years a sober man. He fills a position of trust in the town where he was born, and his mother's heart is made glad in her old age.

Every Sunday morning the breakfast is set and wretched men and women whom the world rejects are gathered into it. Surely it is work which Christ would set his followers upon that day.

What 'Bobs' Never Does.

Never smokes. Never has patience with those who drink to excess. Never uses an oath. Never parades his piety. Never forces it on those around him. Never forgets a name or face. Never passes a comrade. Never forgets to thank those who serve him. Never omits to return a salute, and never, by any chance, neglects to give praise where praise is due.—'Westminster.'

Correspondence

Oliver, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. I have one little sister; her name is Hazel. I have one little kitten and two big ones. I have a dog named Rough. I am in the second reader. My teacher's name is Miss Caroline Ives. She boards with us and we like her very much.

BERNICE H. M.

London.

Dear Editor,—I live in the outskirts of the city. I had two pet rabbits, and, the other night, the dogs came and killed one. We have a lot of chickens. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. A week ago last Sunday I fell and hurt myself so I could not go. I was in bed all day Sunday. I have a little sister whose name is Carrie. I like to read the letters. Our home is called 'Eden Rest.'

LOTTIE C. (Aged 10).

New Rockland, Que.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to your paper. We get the 'Northern Messenger' every Friday. I like reading it very much. I go to school every day; my teacher's name is Miss Jones and I am in the third book. I have a little kitten; it likes to play very much. I go to Sunday-school; my teacher's name is Mrs. Martyn. I have three sisters; their names are Myrtle, Mary and Alberta. My birthday is on March 18.

SARAH MARGARET McL. (Aged 9).

Roane's Mill, N. C.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I have two sisters, one brother. My papa is dead. Sister Florence takes the 'Messenger.' I am not going to school. I have four pets: a calf, a lamb, a kitten and a doll.

EMMA L. R.

Galesburg, Ill.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school, and like it very much. I have one brother but no sisters. I go to school and my teacher's name is Miss Lind. I go to Sunday-school too, my teacher's name is Mrs. Johnson. My father is the pastor of the church. I am twelve years old and my birthday is on June 18. I wonder if some other little boy or girl has their birthday the same as mine.

HENRY DANA B.

Greenway.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, three miles from Greenway. We have four cows and five calves. We have seven pigs and some hens. I have two pets: a dog and cat. The dog's name is Fido and the cat's name is Tabby. I have three sisters and one brother. We have a month's holidays now. I wonder if any little reader's birthday is on the same day as mine. ALEX. F. (Aged 10.)

Tryon, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy eleven years old. I live near the Tryon river. I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and we all like it. My papa is dead, but I have a stepfather. I have three half-brothers, two of them are twins. My stepfather is a sea-captain, and he sails a schooner. My birthday is on Aug. 17.

WILLIAM A. M.

Dear Editor,—I have been sick ever since May, but I am getting a little better. We live on a farm. I have two sisters and six brothers. I am a member of the Baptist Church and the Sunday-school. The Rev. Mr. Carter is the teacher of the class. My little sister is seven years old and she likes to hear the letters read. I stayed at Mr. Carter's all last winter and went to school. My teacher's name is Mrs. White. Ettie Carter went to school with me; they are nice people. I like to stay there very much. The 'Northern Messenger' is great company for me when I am sick. My brothers go to school. Father and mother like the 'Messenger.' Father works on the farm. My father's aunt lives with us. My birthday is on July 3.

MARY G.

Greenway.

Dear Editor,—I have seen many letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' but none from Greenway. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school and like it very much. I live on a farm. I go to school and I am in the fourth book. We planted flowers at our school this year and now they are lovely.

ANNA F. (Aged 12).

Rosanna.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day and I am in the third book. I live about a mile and three quarters from school. I have three brothers and no sisters, and two of my brothers are married and two are farmers, and one is a machinist. I have a little nephew; his name is Clarence Alvin Stover; he is a month old to-day. Rosanna is not a very large place. It contains a church, a postoffice, a lodge hall, and a fine brick school house and a few houses. Please print this one this time. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same as mine, April 23.

MAUDE S. (Aged 12.)

Hawtrey, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school. We like it very much. We have five miles to go to Sunday-school. I go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss Woodrow. I was ten years old last May. My sister's birthday is in May, too. I wonder if any other boy's or girl's birthdays are in May too. I have two brothers and two sisters. One of my brothers went to Chicago the last day of August. He is going to work for a while.

EMMA P.

Balmoral, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. My birthday is on Dec. 18. I have three brothers and one sister. I live on a farm. I go to school and am in the fifth reader. I have a cow, I call her Spotty, and our dog's name is Dash. I like the Boys' and Girls' department of the 'Messenger' very well. We have lots of berries here in the summer months.

MABEL McL.

Old Perlican, Trinity Bay, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—Although we are so far away from you, we always think about you when we receive our little 'Messenger' every fortnight; it is an interesting little paper, and I think every home should have it. You do not hear from us very often. Probably you do not know what kind of people we are here in Old Perlican. We call ourselves Newfoundlanders because we were all born in Newfoundalnd. We have a large Methodist Church; John Hoskings was the founder of Methodism here; he came all the way from England in 1746 to bring the Gospel here. Old Perlican was not then what it is now; there was no Sunday-school, no Sabbath day kept. Now we have about 200 Sabbath school scholars; our Superintendent's name is Mr. Cram; he owns a large schooner called the 'Lady Ireen.' This is supposed to be one of the healthiest places in Newfoundland. We have lots of visitors for enjoyment in the summer months; there are about one thousand people living here and it is a grand place. There are a few very old people living here; it is nice to listen to them telling about olden times, what their fathers had to do to get along. In their day they did not have such privileges as we have; they had no such books as we enjoy; then it would take a month to hear from you; now we can communicate in fifteen minutes. We have a telegraph office. There is a large peer built here which cost thousands of dollars, built by a company in England, where a ship of 3,000 tons can charge or discharge. We have a very nice lady, here, Mrs. Howel, agent, who has taken the trouble of acting as agent for our papers. There are lots here who say they are going to be one of her subscribers. Our Sunday-school treat went off on Aug. 22; we had a grand time. Our principal sport down here is sailing in the boat. We had some of our friends all the way from Boston with us; they say it is very cold down here. I wish, Dear Editor, you could come down and see us; I am sure you would enjoy a trip to Old Perlican; we are never troubled with flies or mosquitoes as some of the readers of the 'Messenger' are.

MOSE.

A Subject For Letters.

It has been suggested that all the 'Messenger' readers who see the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on their present visit to Canada should tell the Editor, in their next letter, all the attending circumstances —what they saw, where they were placed, the preparations they made for honoring the royal couple, etc.

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